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# The Crimson and White

Freshman Issue



APRIL, 1921

MILNE HIGH SCHOOL

ALBANY, N. Y.

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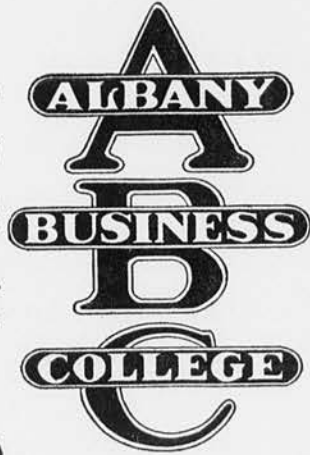
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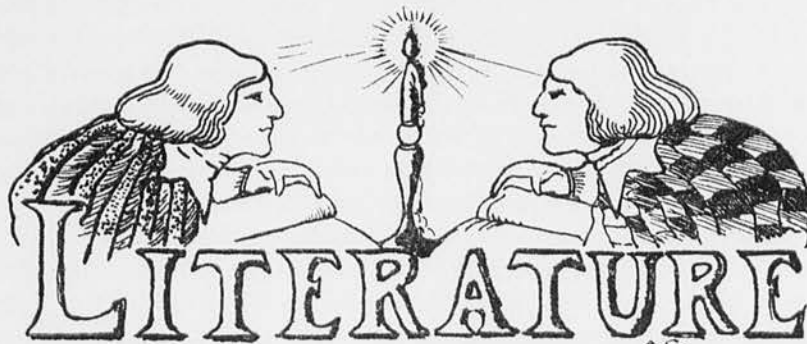
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# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

Vol. XVII

APRIL, 1921

No. 4



## ACQUAINTANCES AMONG BIRDS

The best way to study birds is by a combination of sight and sound, for it is as interesting to know the song of a bird as it is to know his size or color. In the case of many birds, it is much easier to study their songs than their colorations, either because of the shyness of certain species or because of the grays and browns of their feathers which cause them to melt into the landscape. If one is fortunate enough to live in the country or in the outskirts of a city like Albany, the study of birds is made comparatively easy; though on almost any spring morning one may find bird-lovers wandering with field-glasses about our city parks in search of new arrivals.

A choke-cherry thicket such as we have behind our house is a favorite gathering place for birds. In this thicket we heard a chorus of song sparrows as early as the first of March, and a week later a flock of bluebirds stayed there for a day or two.

One of the spring birds we listen for most eagerly is the meadow-lark with his musical whistle. We once had an old post behind our house on which every year without fail a meadow-lark would perch each morning during the spring, whistling his clear call. He came to be the sure sign that spring had come, and we often wondered if it were the same bird that visited us each year.

Of the many varieties of sparrow, the three most interesting to me are the white-throated sparrow, the white-crowned sparrow, and the song sparrow. Have you ever listened to the variations of the song sparrow's song? F. Schyler Matthews, the bird-writer, says

that this sparrow is one of very few birds that are able to sing half a dozen songs each of which is different from the others. The white-throated sparrow always reminds me of trailing arbutus; because each year, when we go to the mountains in May, there is a constant chorus of these little birds. Another name for this sparrow is the Peabody-bird, and the Indians called them Killoleets. Henry VanDyke, in one of his poems says that the white-throat seems to him to say: "Sweet, sweet, Canada, Canada, Canada!" The song of the white-crowned sparrow is very similar to that of the white-throat. Last May about twenty white-crowned sparrows lived for nearly a week in some trees near the house.

The king-bird comes about the middle of May. He is a fighter who very often attacks a bird much larger than himself. One July day in Michigan I saw a king-bird alight on the back of a flying hawk in mid-air and peck at his head and eyes repeatedly until he finally chased him off across the lake.

A bird which has fallen into disrepute because of his piracy is the blue jay. This bird has been seen to visit the nest of a mother robin while the bird was out and eat four baby birds. The blue jay eats the eggs of other birds and will often break them for the mere sport of it.

The kingfisher is a very attractive bird. He dives into many feet of swiftly flowing water and brings out fish as large as himself. He has a very pugnacious appearance because of the bristly tuft of feathers on the top of his head. Another water bird most fascinating to watch along the shores of lakes, streams, rivers, and often the ocean, is the little sandpiper. It is rare sport to see the diminutive sandpiper and the sea-gull with his three-foot wing spread occupying the same rock. The sand-piper will hop around pecking at little snails and barnacles; and, when a big wave roars against the rocks amid a smother of spray, he will hop lightly out of its reach till the foam subsides, then back again to resume operations.

The sea-gull makes his home on barren rocks and islands but spends most of his time away from home. He visits the fish houses in the day time, picking up useless scraps of fish dumped from the buildings as refuse. However, he will often go miles out to sea after steamers and fishing boats, looking for discarded food or bait; for he is the street-cleaner of the ocean.

Contrary to the opinion of many people, the cat-bird is able to sing more than its one "meow". It is often called the northern mocking-bird because of its rare ability to imitate other bird songs. A friend and I were sitting in the shade of a small clump of hazel-

nut bushes one hot July day when a cat-bird perched on the limb of a tree not far away. A song sparrow sang from across the meadow; and, as soon as he finished, our cat-bird answered with the same song. Before he flew away, he imitated the songs of at least four other birds.

Did you ever, while making your belated way home through the woods on a dark night, have an owl hoot just above you? Or were you ever awakened in the middle of the night by a woman's cry of distress that proved to be only a screech-owl in the tree under your window? One seldom catches sight of these creatures, for they are quiet during the day; but their sound is enough.

There is no more weird, mournful bird song, if one's mood is right, than that of the whip-poor-will at night. Lying in a tent in the Adirondacks, one may often hear two or more of these birds calling to one another; and if the moon is shining, they often continue the conversation until the small hours of the morning. Once when we were walking through the woods in Michigan, we saw a whip-poor-will do a very rare and uncommon thing. As we rounded a bend in the path, we noticed a mother-bird with her young. As soon as she saw us, she feigned injury, quail fashion, and started to flutter frantically about on the ground while her young ran to cover.

If one is at all interested in out-door life, there is as much satisfaction to be gained from the study of birds as from anything; because no matter where one goes—to the meadows, river-valleys, lakes, mountains, or the sea-shore—one will always find birds.

ELLSWORTH KIRTLAND, '24

—\*—

#### DESTINATION UNKNOWN

"I simply can't walk another step. We must have come miles, and we're no nearer the lake than we were in the beginning."

Dorothy stopped in the middle of the road and refused to go on.

"Well, we won't get anywhere if we stand here," I said, "and we've got to get back before dark. The people at camp must be worrying about us already. I thought you knew the way, Marcia."

"I do know. We just have to follow this road, and it can't be more than two miles."

"I don't care, I'm not going to walk any farther. Let's wait till an auto or a wagon comes along and then get a ride."

We agreed, and after a while an auto passed by. As Dorothy had suggested it, it was up to her to ask for the ride. She waved

her hand, but the man paid no attention to us. Soon another car came along. When Dorothy waved this time, the driver stopped. He was an ugly looking man with a black beard and dark eyes that stared at us searchingly. However, we told him our trouble, and he consented to take us back to camp. There was room for only two on the back seat. Dorothy and Marcia scrambled in, and I was left to sit with the driver.

We went on some time in silence until we reached a cross-road. The man stopped, silently looked in each direction, and at last took the road to the right. We were sure it was the wrong road, but none of us dared to speak. We all had the same thought: we were being kidnapped!

The road was a lonesome one and seemed not to have been used recently. The few dilapidated houses that we passed were widely separated. Surely no one could live in any of them. Imagine our alarm when the driver stopped in front of a big old house with broken windows and no paint.

"Can this be his headquarters? Is he going to keep us here?" Dorothy whispered to Marcia.

The driver took out a cigarette, calmly lighted it, and then drove on. We were relieved, but only for a short time. As we came to the next house, a rough looking man with a dog suddenly stepped out from behind the old, tumble-down barn. The car stopped with a jerk.

"Hello, Captain!" called the driver, getting out.

The two men went to one side of the house and had a conversation that we could not hear. We did not doubt for an instant that the stranger was the captain of a lawless band.

Soon our driver returned, and without a word started the car. Our fear increased, and we scarcely noticed what we passed until we came to a big barn. Surely we thought this was our destination. The door opened, and we saw a gasoline station. Here we overheard the conversation.

"How far is it to Gray's?" asked our driver.

"Don't know anyone by that name around here," was the reply.

"Do you mean Jacob Gray, the dairyman?" Dorothy had courage enough to ask.

"Yes," said the driver. "Do you know him? I'm on my way to see him about plans for his new barn."

"Oh! He's my uncle; and, when we get to the lake, I can show you his farm."

We settled back in our seats to enjoy the rest of our ride. We were not being kidnapped!—MARGARET RAPPE, '24.



## PICTURES

In the recent art exhibition held in the corridors of State College, over one hundred seventy-five artists of different nationalities were represented. The display was one of the numerous ones sent out by the American Federation of Arts in Washington, D. C. It was through the efforts of the Dramatic Association of the college that we were enabled to enjoy it.

The object of the exhibition was to give people the opportunity to become better acquainted with the pictures and to place copies of those of the famous artists within the reach of all. The prices of the prints ranged from eighteen dollars to thirty-five cents. There were prints in colors, photographs in black, white, and sepia, and one original oil painting.

Italian, French, English, Dutch, Spanish, and American artists were represented. Leonardi di Vinci, a famous artist of the Florentine school, painted the wonderful picture called "Mona Lisa." The woman who posed for di Vinci had just lost her child and was very sad; so, to bring a smile to her face, sweet music was played while she posed. Notice the varied expressions on her face. By covering different sides of it you will find that she is smiling at you and that she is sober. Her eyes seem to twinkle and beam when the lower part of her face is covered; and, when the upper part is covered, she seems asleep.

Rosa Bonheur, a noted French artist, painted the "Horse Fair" and "Open Ploughing." She was very fond of animals all through her life, and this fact accounts for her choosing them as the subjects of her pictures. It is said that, after the great success of "Open Ploughing," she was encouraged to do something still better. With this thought in mind, she decided to paint that matchless picture "The Horse Fair." Her friends in Paris allowed her to use their finest horses as models, but this aid was not enough; for she had to be where she could watch the animals continually. This study she accomplished by visiting the horse markets and sketching horses in all sorts of positions. A year and a half of this laborious preparatory work continued before she felt ready to paint her picture. The horses were to be two-thirds life size; so she needed the largest canvas ever used by an animal painter. Finally it was finished; and because of its great success she was allowed to exhibit in the Salon without examination in the future — a rare honor even to a great artist. The picture was sent to an exhibition in Ghent. From there it went to England and America and was finally pur-

chased by an American for three hundred thousand francs. Now it hangs in the Metropolitan Museum in New York city.

Winslow Homer, an American artist, has painted the sea so realistically that one almost expects the waves to continue the action portrayed. His picture "The North-easter" is a good example of his ability to paint the sea.

Mr. Guerin, another famous American artist, is also an architect of some note. He decorated the Lincoln Memorial, which has recently been finished in Washington.—ALICE M. BLANCHARD, '24.



The article and the story which follow were suggested by two of the pictures in this exhibit. The first is written on "Woods at Sunset," by Innes, the picture purchased by the Senior Class; the second, on "The Night Before Christmas," by Jessie Wilcox Smith.



#### "WOODS AT SUNSET"

If you have ever sat in the quiet silence of a New England sunset, with your back resting lazily against some mossy old stone-wall, when autumn has filled her brush with reds and yellows and carefully spattered all the hillsides; if you have ever thrilled with something you knew not what as the great golden mass of the sun sank behind some nearby wooded hill-crest merging all the trees into a dim blur by its brightness; if, as the first hush of the early twilight falls when the bird-calls have ceased and the night sounds have not yet begun, you have wished with all your heart you might keep the vision as clearly before your eyes as it is in your memory; and if, in addition to all these, you love, or try to love, all that is beautiful, the pictures of Mr. Innes will be a never-ending source of delight and surprise. Indeed, they are more than pictures, these paintings: they are experiences. You look at them, yet see beyond them. All sense of relation is lost and you wander through his woods or stand almost reverently lest the spell be broken. He is an artist who has sounds and smells at his brush tips as well as colors. The quiet is as apparent as his figure hurrying down the path. The golden red of the sun is no more clearly seen than the perfumes of the autumn woods are smelled. It is with suddenness and regret that you realize you stand only before a canvas covered with colors, and you steal one more glance before you turn away.—C. I. S., '21.

## BEHIND THE CURTAIN

"Why, Junior Graham, there is too!"

"There isn't, I said, and I guess I ought to know," came an emphatic whisper from the little white bed on the other side of the dark room.

"No Santa Claus! Why, if there wasn't any, who'd bring our presents and trim the tree and fill our stockings, and what's the chimbly for then? You needn't think you're so smart; you can't fool me.

"But I told you, Billy Graham, that there wasn't any; and you just better not conterdick me, 'cause I'm in the third grade, and you're only in the first, so there!"

Billy was squelched; this response was decisive. There was nothing to do but to turn over and maintain a dignified silence. But he had not yielded, for after a minute there came a defiant whisper from the depths of his pillow, "I'm going to stay awake and find out. When I hear him coming, I'll just go down stairs and see him, and then you can't say anything!"

"All right, we'll both wait and then we'll see who's right. 'Course I don't care, I know already."

The compact was made. All there was to do was to stay awake until the time for action. It may be an arduous task for little boys to keep their eyes open till the stroke of twelve on ordinary occasions, but who would fail at such a time?

Finally there was a rumbling noise overhead; a little white figure rose up on each side of the room.

"It's him! He's coming down the chimbly, he's coming!"

"Aw, that was just snow slidin' off the roof. You can go down if you want to, but I aren't going to bother," replied he of the non-chalance.

Billy got out of bed and crept out into the dark hall. His heart was beating furiously, for was he not going to see the really, truly Santa Claus? But what if Junior was right—he was older and he ought to know. But no, as he crept down stairs, he saw a light in the living room and heard a sound—a tinkle of bells. He could even smell the Christmas tree. In an instant he was behind the big portiere, and then he peeked around the edge.

Up stairs, Junior was awaiting anxiously, quite anxiously, in spite of his indifference. What could be keeping Billy so long? Perhaps he ought to go down and find out. Just then he heard a patter on the stairs, and a little white-clad figure rushed into the room.

"I told you so," he gasped triumphantly. "There is a Santa Claus, and he's our daddy!"—E. B., '21.

# THE CRIMSON AND WHITE

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No. 4

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JOHN BURROUGHS

"There will be birds where John Burroughs is—birds and great trees".—*Henry Ford*

On Sunday, April third, John Burroughs was laid to rest among the hills which had been his home for eighty-three years. It had been his wish that he might die here amidst his trees and birds, for there was no other spot so dear to him as the Catskills.

John Burroughs was one of the greatest of naturalists, or, as he might wish to be called, simply a lover of the out-doors. He is not famous because he discovered new species of birds and flowers or wrote catalogs or scientific treatises on them. He did not study nature in that way. He loved all things that grow; and it was his

purpose to see these things, to live with them, talk with them, understand them, and then show them to others. He was able to see and to appreciate things that others overlooked; but we, through his books and essays, may go into the hills and woods and see and hear with him.

There was an air of simplicity about Burroughs, with his flowing white beard and his quiet, kindly manner. Yet he was a truly great man; and he had among his companions such leaders as Emerson, Whitman, Roosevelt, and Edison. His less intimate friends included hundreds of young people and grown-ups who made visits each year to his home on the Hudson or to "Slabsides", his cabin in the woods.

T. Morris Longstreth, in his book on the Catskills, says of John Burroughs, "The record of his life is a large, aromatic volume. Literary values change, and some of his criticisms may lose their force. Philosophies change, and his views may fade in the growing light. But the loveliness that he has caught between his covers from the larger loveliness about him is a genuine contribution to the world's delight."

—\*—

### STUDENT COUNCIL

Because of the great success of school government boards in secondary schools and colleges, and because of the Faculty's firm belief in our ability to govern ourselves, a *student council* has been proposed to pass upon all legislation in Milne High. A council of this kind would be elected by the student body to initiate and enforce regulations regarding the welfare of the school. Under this heading would come use of school supplies and equipment, discipline, honesty in examinations, assessment and apportionment of school taxes, regulations concerning dances and entertainments, honor systems, and a host of others. This is a measure which would affect each of us, which would raise the standard of school honor, and would help accent the ideals for which Milne has always stood. Is it a good plan? Would you support it? Have you any suggestions? The editors would be only too glad to listen to any of you, and a list will hang in the study hall. We urge everyone to sign it.

—\*—

We are greatly indebted to Miss Florence Hudson and Miss Agnes Glenn for the two new cuts that appear in this issue.

When you say with great pride, "Yes, I go to Milne High School—it's a great place," do you at the same time think to yourself, "I'm helping to support all the things that make it a great place. The two or three dollars I paid last September as my student tax went with those of the other three hundred students toward athletics and the *Crimson and White*. And see what a team we have! Everybody goes to the games, too, for we all have Athletic Association tickets. Then how much bigger and better the *Crimson and White* is, now that they have all the money they need. My tax wasn't any more than what I used to pay toward athletics and our school paper either, and I haven't been asked once for a contribution"?

Would you like to be able to say these things? You can when Milne High School has a student tax



The Faculty has requested that the following notice appear in this issue of the *Crimson and White*:

All announcements for homework shall be made amply in advance; ignorance of assignments does not excuse for failure to prepare work. Homework not handed in on time shall be made up and, if properly done, will be given a passing grade only.

All formal tests and quarterly examinations must be completed to the satisfaction of the head of the department, together with such incomplete homework as may be demanded before a grade will be rendered. Failure to complete such quarterly work will automatically debar students from consideration for school honors. If absence from the formal examination is due to illness, and such absence is covered by a properly endorsed and accepted excuse, ranking grade may be obtained in the examination when completed, otherwise only a passing grade will be given if successful.



'Twas twelve o'clock at midnight,  
And time ran on apace.  
The only reason we write this stuff  
Is to fill a little space!



"All people make mistakes. That's why erasers are put on lead pencils."



### SCHOOL NOTES

#### LA BONNE SOIREE

Footprints on the—no, I was not going to say “sands of time”—footprints on the gymnasium floor! They were those of many a budding young Milne High School student. 'Twas the Q. T. S. A. Scholarship Dance, or, for short, the Quintilian, Theta Nu, Zeta Sigma, Adelphoi Scholarship Dance.

How often have we heard those dear old words, “A good time was enjoyed by all.” It is once more necessary to proclaim this familiar sentence to the anxiously awaiting world. The floor was pleasantly slippery, the hall beautifully distorted with the serenely clashing colors of the four honorable societies. The punch—well, it is needless to elaborate upon that.

But now we come to the two outstanding features of the dance: the dancers and the music. As the sonorous roar of the orchestra pervaded the hall, with the slow, stately rhythm of the “12th Street Rag” floating through the atmosphere, the dancers valiantly pushed their suffering feet over the shining floor. The large attendance of “first-nighters” joyfully cavorted in the measures of the Virginia Reel. Professor Sayles smiled happily down upon us from the balcony.

The “toddling” assemblage was composed of the elite of Milne High School and the rest of the world. The treasurer of the Senior class was there, collecting back dues during spare moments. All the ardent recreationists of the school attended.

To those who did not come, may I say that, if another dance is given, we shall expect their presence. The dance was conducted for a worthy and deserving cause, that of obtaining money for the scholarship. It was a success. Help to make the next dance a greater success and show that you possess that quality expressed in those haunting words “school spirit.” We have heard those two words so often that they seem to follow us everywhere. They will point at you accusingly if you do not attend when the lure of the saxophone and traps next visits our gymnasium.—D. A., '21.

### “JOINT OWNERS IN SPAIN”

By Members of the Junior Class.

Milne High School has really taken up dramatics as more than a mere novelty experiment. We have staged several short plays this year. One of these was virtually only a tableau, given by students in the Junior High School English classes; but, nevertheless, we promise a better production next year. However, the Junior Class in its presentation in chapel on March twenty-fifth overstepped all of our precedented bonds of ambition. “Joint Owners in Spain” surprised and delighted everyone.

The play was well chosen for the prospective players and was very well acted. Eleanor de Acosta, as Miss Blair, the hustling, energetic, outspoken disturber and general reformer, was most convincing. The part of the melancholy, lachrymose Mrs. Dyer was taken by Katharine Maar, who displayed remarkable ability and a thorough comprehension of the character which she portrayed. Velma Dederick made a very effective Miss Mitchell. In fact, the play was so very well acted that we have heard it said that “those Milne High School children almost came up to the State College students,” who acted the same thing this winter. This remark, coming as it did from the college part of our building where people are inclined to be jealous of their own praise, should mean much to us. At all events, we trust that this play may be the “chalk-line,” the “partition,” between our past and our future and marking the advent of dramatics in Milne on a larger scale, for we have proved that we are capable.—H. B. K., '21.

—★—

The Senior Honors have been announced. They are as follows:

First honor . . . . .	Emily Barrows
Second honor . . . . .	Charles I. Sayles
Third honor . . . . .	Donald Allen
Fourth Honor . . . . .	Helen Wurthman
Fifth honor . . . . .	Helen Kirtland

—★—

“Column left,” shouted the captain.

“Hold it”, cried the ex-newspaper man from the ranks. “Got a lot of church news to come in yet.”





## ALUMNI NOTES

Charlotte Stupplebeen, '20, Lucile Alexander, ex-'22, Margaret and Laura Skinner, '20, and Frances Walsh, '20, visited Milne during their Easter vacations.

The engagement of Madelyn Preiss, '19, to Charles Winchester has been announced. The wedding is to take place in June.

We were glad to hear that Carolyn Rogers, who was graduated from Milne last June, has received the highest honors in the Freshman class at Mt. Holyoke.

Katharine McKinlay, '20, took part in the fair recently held at the Skidmore School of Fine Arts.

Thomas Cantwell, '20, visited Albany during his Easter vacation. Tommy is attending Wesleyan.

Helen Price, ex-'20, is now attending the Skidmore School of Fine Arts.



## ADELPHOI

A ll of our members are  
D oing their best to make the Society  
E verything that it should be.  
L ately there have been slides and colored  
P ictures showing scenes in South America and  
H istorical spots of interest. We have elected new  
O fficers and our future meetings promise to be  
I nteresting.—C. I. S., '21.



### ZETA SIGMA

Sigma meetings promise to be better attended now that a good dozen new members have come in. By the interest these people display and the enthusiasm shown at meetings, they bid fair to infuse Sigma with new spirit. The installation of new officers has also taken place:

President.....	Alison Davis
Vice-president.....	Frances White
Recording Secretary.....	Eileen Daly
Corresponding Secretary.....	Florence Ball
Treasurer.....	Miriam Kirwan
Critic.....	Helen Wurthman
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Dorothy Robinson
Marshal.....	Nellie Futterer

All of the girls gave their support to the Scholarship Dance, which proved a very successful affair. Sigma has great hopes for this enterprise, and is greatly interested in the outcome of the project to arouse school spirit.—H. M. W., '21.



### THETA NU

Under the leadership of Mr. Edward Albert, who was elected president last month, Theta Nu members have enjoyed several fine meetings.

We wish to thank the faculty and our fellow-students for their co-operation with us in the dance which we gave recently.

Theta Nu wishes to do its best in building up an association for our baseball fund. Mr. Margolius and Mr. Ulrich have been appointed as a committee to see Adolphoi in regard to a basket-ball game, the proceeds of which will be turned over to baseball.

Theta Nu was well represented on our basket-ball court this season. Messrs. Ulrich, Miller, Post, Gordon, Helme, Albert, Congdon, Beeman, and Margolius are all members of the varsity.—J. M., '21.



### QUINTILIAN

Quintilian, as a whole, is very much in favor of the Student Tax, which has been discussed at our meetings lately.

On Saturday, the nineteenth of March, the Quin girls went to Elsmere, where we were entertained at the home of Helen Knowles. Although a thunderstorm was not on the program, it added to the evening's entertainment. We also had a "spread" recently in place of our regular program.

Our new officers for this semester have been elected:

President.....	Alice Daly
Vice-president.....	Miriam Snow
Recording Secretary.....	Marion Nichols
Corresponding Secretary.....	Georgiana Maar
Treasurer.....	Katharine Maar
Mistress of Ceremonies.....	Elizabeth Kennedy
Critic.....	Martha A. Lomax
Marshal.....	Eleanor de Acosta
Senior Editor.....	Emily Barrows
Junior Editor.....	Marion O'Connor

—G. M., '23.



Two burglars broke into a drug store and just as they were making their get-away saw a policeman at the door. One said to his pal, "Quick, Bo, git inter that box and I'll tell de cop I'm de new night clerk." Then he let the policeman in.

"Who are you?"

"I'm de new night clerk."

"Huh! Guess I'll look around." The policeman approached the packing case and said, "What's in that box?"

"Bottles," replied the burglar. Thereupon the policeman gave it a lift and let it drop with a bang. Out from the box piped a shrill voice, "Crash, jing-le, ting-le, jin-gle, tink-le, jing-le, tink-le." —"Trotty Veck."



"Your friend is the man who knows all about you and still likes you."



### THE WHITE HOUSE

We pass the Treasury and soon come to the White House grounds. The gates are wide open, and we walk undisturbed along the roadway which leads to the great porch before the front door. Here we stop to take a good look at the White House before we enter. It is made of sandstone, but is so painted that it seems like a marble palace shining among the big trees which surround it. A green lawn lies between it and the sidewalk, and on our way in we pass a fountain which sends thousands of silvery drops high into the air.

The doors before us are of plate glass set in brass frames, and beyond are others of polished mahogany. In a minute the doors have opened, and a messenger invites us to enter. We take a few steps and are in the Executive Mansion, the home of the President of the United States, where all our presidents have lived since the year 1800.

The Executive Mansion was the first public building erected at our National Capital. George Washington selected the site and was present in 1792 when the corner stone was laid. He lived to see the building completed, for it is said that he walked through its rooms only a few days before his death in 1799. His successor, John Quincy Adams, was the first President to occupy it. During the war of 1912 the British captured the city and set fire to the Executive Mansion, burning much of the woodwork and blackening the stone walls. When it was repaired, the walks were painted white; and from that time it has been called "The White House."

The first room we see shows us the size of the building. It is called the Vestibule, but is four times as large as an ordinary parlor.

The high ceiling is upheld at the back by white pillars, and beyond is the corridor leading to the reception rooms.

Turning to the left through this hall we first visit the East Room, which takes up the entire east side of the White House. Its ceiling is about twice as high as that of the average school room; and the floor is of hard wood, beautifully finished and so highly polished that it shines like a mirror. The walls of the East Room are decorated in white. From its ceiling hang chandeliers upon which sparkle thousands of pieces of cut glass. Four great mirrors are set in the walls; and, when the chandeliers are lighted for the President's evening parties, the glass pendants shine in them like diamonds. At such times there are often great banks of flowers below the mirrors, and ferns and flowers are wreathed throughout every part of the vast room, with palm trees and tropical plants in the corners. Then the East Room, filled with gaily dressed people, makes one think of fairyland.

From here we go to the Green Room, a parlor furnished in green and silver, and then to the famous Blue Room, where the President stands with his wife and shakes hands with those who come to his evening receptions. The blue room is oval in shape. Its furniture is of wood decorated with gold leaf and cushioned with satin.

Farther on is a parlor with tapestried walls of red silk velvet. This is the Red Room, and beyond it is the state dining-room, where the President gives his dinners to the highest officials and other famous guests. This hall is walled with oak beautifully carved. The mounted heads of moose, buffalo and bear, we were told, were shot by President Roosevelt.

After seeing the Cabinet Room, where three times a week the President meets with the men who have charge over the different departments of the government, we leave the White House and start down Pennsylvania avenue to visit the National Capitol.

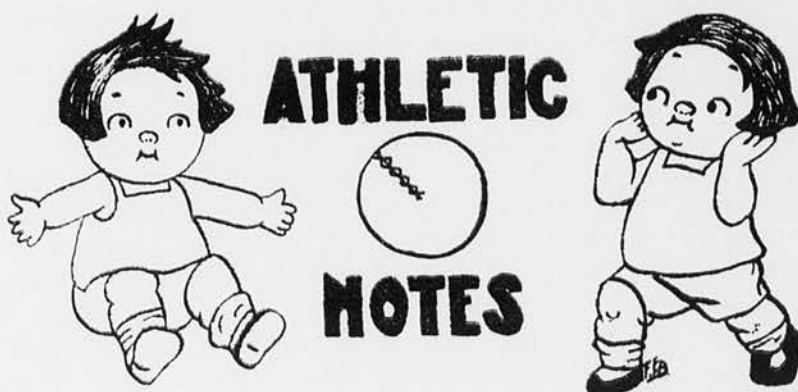
—JOHN SHAY, 8th Grade.



N. C., '22—"While we were riding along on the train we ran over a cow."

M. S., '22—"Was it on the track?"

Nelson—"No, we chased it through two meadows, over a creek, through a woods, and up a telegraph pole before we finally hit it."



### Basket-Ball

After completing one of the hardest basket-ball schedules in its history, Milne finished its season with nine victories out of the twenty games played.

At the beginning of the year things looked bright; but with Nate Margolius and Al Dolan, star players, forced to leave school, the hard luck commenced. Although we had no letter men back, we managed to put together, under the coaching of Hugo Polt of the State College, a team which showed remarkable ability, considering the number of candidates for the game.

Joe Margolius, who perhaps has the best foul shooting record in New York State, excelled by tallying 235 points for the season. In a recent game Joe made 21 foul shots out of 23 attempts. The next highest scoring was made by Hugh McKeon. The table follows:

Name	No. Games Played in	F. B.	F. P.	Total
Margolius	20	40	155	235
Schraa	14	9	2	20
McKeon	17	18	0	36
Gordon	17	8	0	16
Ulrich	12	10	0	20
Kirk	16	12	0	24
Post	5	1	0	2
Helme	4	0	0	0
Congdon	1	0	0	0
Miller	3	5	0	10

Basket-ball for next year looks favorable, as most of our varsity men will return.—E. A., '22.

## Baseball

Three cheers for springtime and baseball season! At last another year has come, bringing with it fine prospects for one more winning nine at Milne. Last year, as we recall, we were defeated in but two contests. Albany High School, in the return game, and Christian Brothers' Academy were the only teams which could "turn the trick."

This year there are many candidates for the different positions; and, although Kirk and Christie are the only players left from last year's team, a fast, aggressive combination is being whipped into shape under the able direction of Coach Snavelly. There are three contenders for the pitching honors: Margolius, Leibich, and Christie. The mound duty will probably rest on these three players. Among those who are out for the varsity are: Alberts, Welmar, McKeon, Gordon, Helme, Miller, Ulrich, Jones, Beeman, Higgins, Crabill, Kirk, Leibich, Margolius, Christie, Zeh and Congdon.

Christie has been elected manager and has arranged games with the leading teams in this part of the state.—D. C., '22.

★

- "The Bad Man"—Donald Allen.
- "The Midnight Rounders"—Hecox, Wilson, Jones.
- "Good Times"—Dot Hamburger.
- "Ladies' Night"—Basket-ball Games.
- "The Emperor Jones"—Harry.
- "Lightnin'"—Newell Post.
- "Enter Madame"—A critic.
- "The Champion"—Joe Margolius.
- "The First Year"—Freshmen.
- "The Gold Diggers"—Al, Evie, Ellie.
- "Nice People"—the Faculty.
- "Love Birds"—Newell and Ellie.
- "Opportunity"—Chuck Sayles.
- "Spanish Love"—Marion Bardene.
- "Daddy Dumplins"—Ed. Miller.
- "Three Live Ghosts"—Frances Walsh, Margaret and Laura Skinner.
- "Come Seven"—Helen Hamburger.
- "When We Were Young"—Our teachers.

★

Miss Cooper to Jack Hecox—"Its time you settle down."  
What did she mean?



### As We See Others

#### *The Bulletin*, Montclair, New Jersey

A new friend, *The Bulletin*, is a very complete magazine. We enjoyed reading the story "A Sketch," because of its original plot. Originality is a rare thing in most amateur magazines. Twelve pages of athletic notes! Some hustlers, your athletic editors are. We dislike the interspersing of your athletic notes among your advertisements, however. Here's hoping *The Bulletin* will be a faithful friend to us.

#### *Old Gold and Purple*, New Orleans, Louisiana

The *Old Gold and Purple* is a well written and well balanced magazine. We understand that your school is a boys' school, so why all the sonnets to the fair sex? Your advertising agents should get busy and secure more ads. Welcome always!

#### *The Cuckoo*, Downingtown, Pennsylvania

Your cover design is very artistic and attractive. Sports seem to be the most popular thing in Downingtown. Your exchange department ought to be increased. Instead of saying, "We congratulate you on your all-around good paper. Splendid cuts and good jokes," why not truly criticise?

#### *High School Beacon*, Beacon, New York

*The Beacon* starts off with a good but very short story. We noticed in a criticism in your paper that the literary department of another school magazine was called a Chinese puzzle. Unfortun-



ately, we find yours likewise. The topics chosen are trite. Where are your sports news and your school notes? Your exchange department is excellent, as is your alumni department. We look forward to a better issue next time.

*The Owl*, Hoosac, New York

We are glad to greet *The Owl* as one of our exchanges. It contains some fine cuts and splendid stories. Your editorials can stand improvement. The topic "school spirit" is worn out. Do come again.

*Students' Pen*, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Your literary department contains some splendid material. Why have two entire pages been left blank? They spoil the appearance of your paper. If your jokes were more personal, they would probably be more enjoyable. A cut or two more would help enliven your paper.



#### What Others Say About Us

"The Christmas number of the "Crimson and White," from the M. H. S., Albany, N. Y., is very neat and attractive in make-up. But where is your mast head? There should be at least two articles of poetry in every issue; and your class notes are rather brief."—*Old Gold and Purple*, New Orleans, La.

"Your literary department is good. What is the matter with the athletic department? We hope to see you again."—*The Opinion*, Peoria, Illinois.

"Very good short stories; but why not a few more editorials?"—*The Dart*, Ashtabula, Ohio.

"The *Crimson and White* seems very complete. How do you manage with so few ads?"—*The Owl*, Hoosic, N. Y.

"The December issue of the *Crimson and White* is somewhat better than the November issue; but even at that it is sadly lacking in several departments. Your joke department is fairly good, as also is your exchange department, although more real criticism would be more opportune than simple praise. More lengthy stories would add greatly to your literary department. Strike up more interest among the business editors and get more ads. It takes money to put out a good school paper, and ads are the means of getting it. We look forward to a little better January issue of the *Crimson and White*."—*The Cue*, Albany, N. Y.



Howard Breeze sat in the parlor  
 And spoke unto the light  
 "Either you or me, old fellow,  
 Will be turned down to-night."



#### News Items

Newell Post has been seen by several different people in the vicinity of West Lawrence Street and Western Ave.

Howdy Breeze and Chuck Sayles have been spending their Easter Holidays cooling their feet in a creek. For once Chuck's shoes didn't squeak.

It is rumored that D. Allen has been taking riding lessons. He had a bad fall the other day, but he has it back now, and we look for an improvement in his Virgil.

Harry Jones has been spending his vacation studying—how to get by the new system.

Say, Joe, do you walk home with her every day?



The absent minded professor was aroused by a noise in his room  
 He sat up in bed.

"Is there anybody here?" he cried.

"No," came a voice from the darkness.

"That's funny," he said as he settled down again. "I thought I heard somebody."



"I sure do hate this riotous living," remarked the strikebreaker  
 as as he picked up another brick.

"Giddap, g'wan, what ails you jetzt?  
 What are you stuck on now?  
 Why some poor bloke tore out the page!  
 She'll raise an awful row.  
 She'll say, 'Now, Mr. Allen, I cannot understand  
 Whyfore your Latin is so slack.'  
 And— Gee! Hurray!  
 It's in the back!"



Jack—"If you could see my heart, you would see your name written on it."

Jane—"Yes, but mine is only one. Your heart probably looks like a hotel register."



D—dues, dollars, Dorothy!  
 Dues, dues, dues!  
 Upstairs, downstairs, outside, in,  
 Dues, dues, dues!  
 Always do we hear that din—  
 Dues, dues, dues!  
 Well, we hope you get 'em.



C. W., '21 (over the phone)—"And what have you been doing?"  
 H. J., '22—"I just finished washing my socks."  
 Central (breaking in)—"I'm ringing them."



K. M., '22—"I want the life of Julius Caesar."  
 Librarian—"You're too late; Brutus took it about 500 B. C."



A tall youth stood in the pitcher's box  
 And swung his arms around.  
 The ball leapt toward the batter,  
 There came an awful sound.  
 And now the ball goes through the air.  
 The bases all are full,  
 Two men out, the foe ahead.  
 You finish it, I can't.

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"Tis better to have studied and flunked, than never to have studied at all."

—★—

"Don't give anyone a piece of your mind. You need it all your self."

—★—

"If a man's word is as good as his bond, it is well to take stock in his speech."

—★—

"It ain't no disgrace for a man to fail, but to lay there and grunt is."—*Josh Billings*

—★—

"Life is a struggle, but not a warfare; it is a day's labor, but labor on God's earth, under the sun and stars with other laborers, where we may think and sing and rejoice as we work."

—*John Burroughs*

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